



# AN ELEGIE

## Vpon the most deplorable death of Prince Henry

Eldest sonne to the King of Bohemia: Who vpon the 9<sup>th</sup> of Ianuary last passing to Harlem, most vnfortunately perished.

**E**Ternall Teares, Griefes, that shall never end,  
With murmures utter'd in lamenting verse;  
Sad accents, and such lines that forth may send  
Sounds, such as Widdowes howle about the hearfe  
Of their dead Husbands; words whose force may bend  
Relentlesse hearts, and flinty bowels pearce:  
Come to my plaints, bring Characters of woe,  
That endlesse griefe, unvalued losse may show.

Me thinkes my hand as with a Fever shakes,  
Which when I to the trembling leafe apply,  
More ghastly white then earst, for griefe it quakes,  
And seemes with us to have a Sympathie:  
But willingly this mournfull dye it takes  
Badge of our passions, sorrowes liverie,  
Which as it drops from my vnstedfast penne,  
Seemes to lament the generall losse of men,

In this young Prince most likely to revive  
The glorious Triumphs of his ancestrie;  
This floure of youth, in whom did Nature strive  
With Education for the victorie:  
Each seeming Conqueresse, so they both did thrive,  
And grew so soone to such an excellencie,  
Whom angry Fortune scarcely taught to feare,  
Nor hopes vaine breath aloft could ever beare.

Drench't in the Sea, lest the enamourd Earth  
Love-burnt might chance to prove *Trinacria* losse,  
And from her burning Entrails send a breath  
Like that which comes from *Atnas* sulph'ry fofse;  
Or lest a floure should from his Vrne have birth  
That might have power, the power of Fate to crosse:  
And like th'immortall Nectar of the skye,  
Enfranchise men to immortalitie.

*Batavia*, rather should thy shores downe fall,  
And the fierce waues their ancient Lordship fill;  
Rather should time backe summon and recall  
The bloody Actors in thy former ill:  
Rather in former seates should Fate install  
Proud *Austria*, *D'Alva*, *Parma*, *Longeville*  
In this revenge backe to reduce a flood,  
And make where once was Sea, a Sea of blood.

What profits it though *Nereus* did resigne  
Some of his Kingdome to the Continent,  
When he his generall forces did combine,  
And froth-immaned all in rage he went  
Against that straight which *Albion* did confine,  
Which with his boystrous fury downe he rent;  
And broke that *Isthmus* that did joyne before  
Our chalkie cliffes vnto the *Belgicke* shore?

If like a cruell Lord he doth demand  
Such chiefe, such duties for the unnaturall soile;  
And doth exact a due for barren sand  
Of greater worth then was the richest spoile  
His waues could ever gaine, or the bright strand  
Of the faire East, fought with so dangerous toyle,  
Did ever vie against the Sun, or gold  
*Pactolus* streames, or *Tagus* sands enfold.

Rather should brav'd *Iberia* keepe the Ore  
Brought from the ranackt *Indias* wealthy ground;  
Better our ioyes were disanull'd before  
Report did ever such a prize refound,  
Rather should *Holland* backe againe restore  
The riches in that conquerd fleet she found,  
Then that it more should hurt when it was gain'd,  
Then had it in our enemies hand remain'd.

Thus by our gaine we lost, our joy's our woe,  
So th'angry heavens our hopes still count ermand,  
Our Conquest proves our fatall overthrow;  
The Nerves of warre bring weaknesse to our Land,  
Thus while we most do rise, most downe we goe,  
Ever residing on the tortering sand  
Of expectation, which each blast doth crosse,  
And every gale can turne to greater losse.

High Providence, could humane wit but found  
The deepe abyssus of thy mysteries:  
How soon should we on Heav'n our Comfort ground  
Not on conjectures, possibilities,  
Which then most vaine, when trusted most are found  
But broken reedes are all our policies.  
The Heavens will have our hearts, and take away  
Those things the soonst that cause them most to  
(stray.

Thus both our *Henries* soone away did goe,  
Showne to the earth, not suffered to remaine,  
Now in the Heaven, more bright then ere did show  
Proud *Cyllarus* riders o're the liquid plaine  
Of the vast Oceans Empire, Fates bestow  
On them by turnes to shine upon the maine,  
Ours both together gifter, joyntly live  
To Heaven and Earth their light at once they give.

Did Silver footed *Thetis* cause thee dye,  
In thee the *Pelias* stemme to contemplate,  
Or *Pallas* wearie of Virginitie,  
T' enjoy thy love compact with envious Fate,  
To bring thee up above the golden skie:  
She worth thy love, thou worthy such a mate,  
And leade thee up, fith all the world denide  
A match for her like thee, thee such a bride!

Or did those Heroes that in Paradise  
Enjoy those sweets th' inamel'd plaines doe yeeld;  
Or masking in their Robes of greatest prize,  
In gentle ranks passe o're the flowry field:  
Where every Vale, each mount, each fall, each rise,  
With thousand kinds of rarities is fild:  
Where noiselesse floods doe branch the youthfull  
Birds sweetly dumbe æternall silence lead; (mead,

As hence secure of Fate they cast their eyes  
(Their eyes all seeing, passing all they see)  
In this sweete Prince they view those qualities  
That brought their soules to such felicitie,  
When envying us, they with the Fates devise  
To bring him, (worthy of their company)  
Which as they found him, took him straight away:  
Their strong desires admitting no delay.

*Arian*, thou hadst power to charme with string  
A fish to beare thee safe vnto the shore: (bring  
Could not thy plaints (sweet Prince) have power to  
Something amidst the waues to passe thee o're  
Whose voyce was better Musicke? Did what bore  
So sweet a burden feare abandoning,  
And with the traytrous winds and ayre agree  
To keepe thee still, to deale so cruelly.

Enjoy sweet Spirit thine æternall rest,  
Our losse, not thine, is cause of this our woe;  
Above the golden spheares live ever blest,  
Possesse the Crowne the Heavens on thee bestow,  
In stead of earthly diadem, posselt  
By glorious Saints, so maist thou ever show  
Thy light, not set a fained Starre in skie,  
But plac't a Saint in greater dignitie.

This most hopeful young Prince passing with his Father, and some few Attendants to Harlem to viewe the Plate-fleete lately surpris'd by the Hollander, being in a small Passage-boat, was ouer-set with a ship of greater burden from Amsterdam. His Father, with two or three Followers were saued by cutting ropes cast out of the greater ship, which takt instantly about for their reliefe. The Prince himselfe labouring to saue his life, attained some height vpon the mast of the small vessel that was sunke, where calling for succour, & none comming to his aide, he was for some space heard crying: from which part of the ship the next morning they took him starued and frozen to death, whose corpes his Father brought to the Court the day following, being for the circumstance of his death, as well as for his hopefull parts infinitely lamented.

FINIS.

R. ABBEY.

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